

## The Tragedie

*Enter the Queene.*

*Q.* Who shall hinder me to waile and weepe,  
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?  
He ioyne with blacke dispaire against my selfe,  
And to my selfe become an enemy.

*Dut.* What meanes this sceane of rude impatience?

*Q.* To make an act of tragicke violence,  
Edward, my Lord, your sonne our king is dead.  
Why grow the branches, now the roote is withred?  
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?  
If you will liue, lament: if die, be brieue:  
That our swift winged soules may catch the kings,  
Or like obedient subiects, follow him  
To his new kingdome of perpetuall rest.

*Dut.* Ah so much interest haue I in thy sorrow,  
As I had title in thy noble husband:

I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,  
And liu'd by looking on his images.  
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance,  
Are crackt in peeces by malignant death,  
And I for comfort haue but one false glasse,  
Which grieues me when I see my shame in him.  
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,  
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:

But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes,  
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,  
Edward and Clarence, Oh what cause haue I  
Then, being but moitie of my griefe,  
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne the cries?

*Boy.* Good Aunt, you wept not for our fathers death,  
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?

*Gerl.* Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoand,  
Your widowes dolours likewise be vnwept.

*Q.* Giue me no helpe in lamentation,  
I am not barren to bring forth laments,  
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,  
That I being governd by the watry moane,  
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:  
Oh for my husband, for my heire Lo. Edward.

of Richard

As loth to beare me to the slaughter,  
Oh, now I want the Priest that spake  
I now repent I told the Pursuants  
As twere triumphing at mine end  
How they at Pomfret bloodily vnder  
And I my selfe secure in grace and  
Oh Margaret, Margaret: now thou  
Is lighted on poore Hastings wretched

*Cut.* Dispatch my Lord, the  
Make a short shrift, he longs to see

*Hast.* O momentary state of  
Which we more hunt for, then for life  
Who builds his hopes in aire of  
Lives like a drunken Sayler on a  
Ready with euery nod to tumble  
Into the fatall bowels of the deepe  
Come leade me to the blocke,  
They smile at me, that shortly shall

*Enter Duke of Gloster and*

*Glo.* Come cosen, canst thou  
Murder thy breath in middle of  
And then begin againe and stop  
As if thou wert distraught and mad

*Buc.* Tut feare not me.  
I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedie  
Speake, and looke backe, and pricke  
Intending deepe suspicion, gallantly  
Are at my seruice like inforced sinners  
And both are readie in their offices  
To grace my stratagems.

*Glo.* Here comes the Maior.

*Buc.* Let me alone to entertaine

*Glo.* Looke to the drawbridge

*Buc.* The reason we haue sent

*Glo.* Catesby ouerlooke the

*Buc.* Harke, I heare a drumme

*Glo.* Looke backe, defend the

*Buc.* God and our innocencie

*Glo.* O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby

*Ambs.*